



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

August

15c

20c in Canada



Dolores Del Rio

Charles Shelday

**GRAND DUCHESS MARIE EXPOSES
SCREEN'S MISINTERPRETATION OF HISTORY!**

**Are the Stars Overpaid? Read What Lionel Barrymore Says
KAY FRANCIS and WILLIAM POWELL TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER**



*This is the way I look when
the last scene of a picture is
taken*

Clark Gable

Best yet in our series of personally autographed star portraits! Gable selected this natural pose because it expresses his feelings when he has just finished a film!

C. S. Bull

Jean Steals a Scene from the Pacific



That irresistible, inveterate little scene-stealer, Jean Parker, makes the Pacific Ocean just a back-drop for her gay good humor. The nineteen-year-old who has given that overworked word, "ingénue," a new meaning in Hollywood, takes a day off from the studio, but she can't dodge a cameraman even then!

Ball

If Broadway Could Only See Them Now!

Or, why New York players accept movie contracts! Both deserters from the play marts of old Broadway, Spencer Tracy and Alice Faye seem quite, quite happy in their new environment. And why not, when their new picture together calls for a location trip to the beach? Broadway was never like this!



Alice gives you glimpses, left and below, of her favorite beach ensemble. It's red, white, and blue gingham! The navy blue piqué jacket has lapels of gingham check; the shorts are navy blue, too; and the blue hat has checked gingham trim. Like it?



Otto Dyar





Tunbridge, London Films

British Beauty!

OR—WHY Don Juan had a Private Life! Merle Oberon, loveliest of Douglas Fairbanks' leading ladies in his new film, repeats the success she won in "Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton



Douglas Fairbanks has four beauties in his latest opus, "The Private Life of Don Juan," and the prettiest is Merle Oberon, shown in two views above.



Doug leaps, bounds, and grins in his gay old way in this new picture. Left, a scene which Fairbanks shares with Miss Oberon, the most appealing of England's younger screen actresses. She'll be over here soon! **work**



Bert Longworth

Beauty Over Burbank!

IT'S the real thing! Nature at her loveliest, both in the setting and the sweet young things—Maxine Doyle on the right, Margaret Carthew on the left. Their home studio is seen in the distance in this remarkable photograph. (The flowers are real, too!)



It's been a long time between Lloyd laugh films! But here's Harold, specs and all, in his new picture, "The Cat's Paw." Grace Bradley, the lovely alluring menace, is seen with Harold in the scene at the left. Far cry from "Grandma's Boy."

Why, here's Una Merkel! Yes, she's Harold's heroine, and she has never been funnier, according to our West Coast sleuths. Where there's Merkel there's more mirth!



Harold, How Could You?

WE ALWAYS thought you were such a shy, retiring fellow! And here you are in your new laughie completely surrounded by glamorous gals!

Harold in the clutches of a night-club siren! Something pretty new for Lloyd. Grace Bradley is the girl.

*Harold Lloyd, shrewd showman, sees the audience-ap-
peal of screen musicals, and
joins the cinema chorus.*



Movie Magic Made These Girls Great Stars

By

James M. Fidler



The girl in the circle, above, was the Joan Crawford Hollywood first knew! Left, Joan today, after movieland transformed her.

MORE and more is the motion picture industry taking the element of haphazard luck out of its selection of acting talent.

There was a time when producers scoffed at the idea of "building stars." "Why take time and trouble to educate them, when we can put any little girl into a big picture and make her a star overnight?" was the universal cry. To prove that their words were true, the producers cited such examples as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and scores more who were almost unheard-of one day, and famous the next.

That era is past. It ended with the advent of sound and talking pictures, but producers were at first reluctant to recognize the fact that they had lost the power of building big names overnight. In fact, they continued to strive for overnight stars, and they long were in confusion because old methods were proving futile.

At last the motion picture executives admitted even to themselves that the business had changed, and that the overnight building of stars was never to be again. This full realization came to them only a few months ago, and now Hollywood is witnessing a new and savage battle among the studios—a battle to groom young talent for future stardom; a fight to build new players to some day replace the old.

Last month I took you on a visit to Paramount Studio, when I introduced you to that studio's "younger set." This month we travel a few miles out-



Above, in circle, Jean Harlow when she started in pictures.



Above, Greta as she looked at first. Left, our Garbo!



Norma Shearer then—above—and now, at the right.



The Same for These Newcomers

Will It Do

How many of the doughty debts here presented will win your favor? Second in our series of articles presenting Hollywood's young hopefuls

side of Hollywood—to Culver City, where the towering gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer open to let us enter.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, or, as the studio is more familiarly known, M-G-M, is really the "Home of Stars." It has been the policy of this company's executives to contract big names, and to present those big names with opportunities to become greater. Here are enrolled Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Madge Evans, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Ramon Novarro, Johnny Weissmuller, Lionel Barrymore and others.

And here, also, is one of the most promising schools of young players in filmiland. I refer to them as a "school of young players" because they really are in school, literally and figuratively. They attend elocution classes, dancing classes, singing classes, music classes, and classes in dramatic acting. They work at their studies just as seriously and as energetically as do the pupils of any regulation grammar or high school.

Jean Parker, Mary Carlisle, Florine McKinney, Betty Furness, Martha Sleeper, Joan Gale, Irene Hervey, Muriel Evans, Shirley Ross and Ruth Channing are the principals of M-G-M's debutante group. Mark well those names, for among them are undoubtedly a few of your stars of tomorrow. Already some are showing evidences of *(Continued on page 75)*



Above, Mary Carlisle.



Right, Irene Hervey.

Below, Jean Parker.



Ruth Channing, above.

Shirley Ross, below.



Florine McKinney.



Betty Furness

Muriel Evans, below.



Radio Parade!



George Jessel, in the spotlight again, pours personality into the microphone as star of a new series.

Things your loud-speaker won't tell you about some radio favorites

IT IS not so long since many of us who had kept our eyes focussed on the movie arena, (or do I mean merry-go-round?), were so artless and opinionated as to think that show business could conjure nothing more excitingly colorful, more fantastically volcanic, than we had witnessed time and time again.

Well, we've seen radio arrive—and learned how wrong we were!

Now it is the pleasant privilege of this erstwhile member of that guileless group, to roam the corridors of the air castles and report such fragments of the dramatic spectacle taking place behind the microphones, as you, and you, and you may command summoned to your doorstep.

So let's be about this exciting chore, and see who we meet and what we may overhear in our travels around the haunts of the radio people.

Radio's First Lady, pursued for more than two years by film producers proffering their gold for her signature to a contract, finally has succumbed to the allurements



Jessica Dragonette, Radio's First Lady, finally has signed to appear in pictures. Why? She tells you here.

By
Tom Kennedy

of the pictures. The event has been hailed with shouts of glee by the Jessica Dragonette fans—whose numbers are counted in figures which seemed fabulous before the radio statisticians put more columns in denominators than you could count on four Southern colonial mansions laid end to end.

And well may the fans cheer! It's their triumph—as I learned from the lips of the singer whose voice has scattered melodious delights to the far corners of the land.

"The fans wanted me to!"

Five words—banal in print, but—as delivered in the even, softly modulated conversational tones of the prima donna of the

microphones—informed with a sincerity and authority that admitted of no cavil.

Five words, and your correspondent had the answer to not one, but several questions that sent him scampering to that aerie where, loftily remote from the din of a bustling city, the diminutive Jessica lives graciously but without ostentation. (Continued on page 89)

Tomorrow's Stars

Continued from page 53

stardom. But they are not being rushed to the top of the ladder. They are being moved slowly upward, bit by bit, rung by rung. Movie executives have long since learned the bitter lesson of pushing young players too quickly to stellar rôles. Too many promising careers have been spoiled because they were forced forward too hastily.

But my purpose is not to extol the newer methods of star-making, nor to hold brief for those who were pushed forward too rapidly, and who toppled as a result. I have really taken you through the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in order that you might meet each young player in person, and decide for yourselves what each is like, and what are their ambitions and plans.

Here comes Florine McKinney. She is a slender, graceful child-woman. She is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, and if the scales tip to more than 106 pounds when she deposits her penny, she knows those scales are wrong. Florine has soft brown hair that she habitually brushes straight back from her face. She has gray-blue eyes; restless eyes that are inquisitive and prying; eyes that seem always to be seeking new things to see.

Florine is of nervous disposition; seldom still; she moves with quick little motions—quick but graceful motions, like a robin on a tree limb. With all her delicate stature, she is very athletic, a fine swimmer and horsewoman.

"Since early childhood I have been ambitious to have a career," Florine confesses. "When I was seven, I studied dancing—and I yearned to be a second Pavlova. At ten I commenced to study piano, and then I wanted to be a female Paderewski! I started singing lessons when I was sixteen, and my new idol was Marion Talley.

"What do I want to be in the future? I hope I can develop into a singing star, like Jeanette MacDonald. I mean, one who can both sing and act. If I cannot sing, and must remain just an actress, I would like to be a cross between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, if you can figure that out."

More than likely, Miss McKinney will become a singing star, for she and another girl tied for first honors in the Atwater Kent radio auditions staged for the state of Texas.

Next, let me introduce lovely Jean Parker, the darling of her studio. Jean is the girl whose photograph, in a bathing suit, attracted M-G-M executives' attention and won her a screen test and eventually a contract. Jean is five feet, three inches tall, and she weighs 109 pounds. She has heavy brown hair that is inclined to be curly without the aid of artificialities. She also has large, hazel eyes that are as soft and appealing as the eyes of a young deer—and you must have seen the beautiful eyes of a deer to understand the comparison.

Miss Parker is such a versatile young lady, too. She has studied commercial art, at which she is adept. She is an exceptional ballet dancer, and should she choose to desert the screen, she has offers to tour as a concert dancer. She is a fine pianist, and she writes unusually well. She is, it must now be apparent to you, an artist to her finger tips.

Older players—May Robson, Lionel Barrymore, and Marie Dressler among them—have waxed rhapsodic in their praise of Jean. They see in her the light of great dramatic achievement—but meanwhile little

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these Hollywood Styles?



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

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PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

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Miss Parker yearns to do lighter Ibsen and Barrie characters, "Peter Pan" among them. I am only one of hundreds in Hollywood who, after seeing this lovely girl in "Lady For a Day" and "Little Women," began singing her praises and predicting stardom for her future.

Time is fleeting, and we have many more young players to visit. So, goodbye Jean Parker—and hello, Mary Carlisle. *Cuddly* best describes Mary. Five feet and one inch small. One hundred pounds of hold-me-closer curves and more curves. Ash-blond hair, and beeg, beeg blue eyes that are almost round!

Mary looks, talks, and acts like a doll. She pouts adorably; she smiles contagiously; she bubbles personality until mere man succumbs to her every wish. Strangely for such a vivacious personality, Miss Carlisle yearns to play heavy drama. Helen Hayes is her ideal actress, and Mary would give her very heart one day to play the rôle that Miss Hayes does now. When she is not at work, and Miss Hayes is making a picture, Mary may invariably be found seated in a nook of Helen's sets, intently watching her favorite actress enact difficult scenes.

That pretty newlywed, Martha Sleeper, (Mrs. Hardie Albright to her friends), is the next M-G-M starlet. Please step up, Martha, and meet your public-to-be. Miss Sleeper—she is certainly wide awake when it comes to her career—was originally put under contract by Metro because she was (and is) a second Joan Crawford. She doesn't look like Joan, nor act as Joan acts—but the old IT—the old S. A.—that belongs to Joan is mirrored in Martha.

Miss Sleeper's start as an actress was a most amazing accident. She and her mother moved to Hollywood with the intention that the daughter should pursue a career. She had no luck at all until she moved from the house in which she was living into an apartment. The vacated house was leased by director Emory Johnson. The director's mother found a photograph of Martha that had been left behind. She showed the picture to Johnson, who straightway employed Miss Sleeper for her first picture rôle.

Martha is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, and she weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She has long-bobbed, dark brown hair, and large, brown eyes. She is an accomplished pianist and harpist, and she handles a mean tennis racquet and a sturdy golf club. She hopes for great dramatic rôles, and if you saw her in "Penthouse" and "Glory and the Girl," you will admit that she needs only training and opportunity.

Hide, everybody! Here comes Miss Mischief in person—Joan Gale, who can think of more devilry in one minute than the average imp can conceive in an hour. But when she turns on that million-candle-power smile, all is forgiven.

Joan is one of four stage sisters, advertised as a quartette, but really two sets of twins. They are Joan, Jean, June and Jane, and not one of them would fail to turn masculine heads on any public street. They are accomplished dancers, but in addition, Joan sings—and she's a prize package as a comedienne. That's one reason she is under contract. Studio executives think she combines the charm of Claudette Colbert with the laugh-producing talents of the late Mabel Normand. Those executives think she may develop into one of the screen's most popular comediennes.

Miss Gale-of-laughter is just five feet, one and one-half inches in height, and she tips the scales to 105 right after dinner. Her hair is dark brown, with just a reddish tint, and her eyes are hazel. Once she wanted to be a doctor or a newspaper writer, but now her sole aim is screen and

stage success. She was featured on the New York stage in "Flying High" with Bert Lahr, and in "Scandals" with Rudy Vallee. Joan is yet new to pictures, but see her in "The Merry Widow," and you'll no doubt welcome her into the fold.

Comes now an Irene Dunne type—a quiet, very beautiful girl named Irene Hervey. She doesn't look at all like Miss Dunne, yet there is about her the same subtle charm, the same unexpressed but nevertheless apparent determination, and the same exquisite mannerisms of the perfect lady. Strangely, the heights and weights of the two are nearly exact—Miss Hervey is five feet, four inches tall and she weighs 114 pounds. Her hair is the same shade of brown as Miss Dunne's hair. Her eyes are hazel-brown.

Irene's contract is a reward for perseverance. For weeks she parked herself daily outside the offices of the studio casting director. At last she was noticed, and she was given a chance to study in the M-G-M stock school, at no salary. Miss Hervey spent another eight months in that school, before she was given her first screen opportunity in "Stranger's Return." Her work in the picture brought about the present contract.

Miss Hervey is very ambitious. In addition to continuing her studies with Oliver Hinsdale, M-G-M's studio dramatics-coach, she studies privately under Samuel Kayser, one of the West Coast's better known teachers of the drama. When she is not occupied at the studio, she enacts rôles, (without salary), for a small stock company. She spends most of her spare time reading plays, both modern and classical.

Her first stage idol was Louella Gear, whom she saw in "Poppy" and "Queen High" several years ago. Miss Hervey, if she has her own way, will follow in the footsteps of Miss Gear, who is a charming interpreter of whimsical comedy.

Muriel Evans is another of the well-curved type—almost what is known the chorus-girl type (like Toby Wing). She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and has blonde hair and very blue eyes. She is indeed an entrancing eyeful, which you need not be told if you saw her in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," "Midnight Mary" and "Made On Broadway."

While Muriel's present love is the screen, her first love was the stage, and eventually she expects to return to a career behind the footlights. But not for a few years—she is under contract, and officials of the company show no signs of releasing her.

Whose voice is that I hear, crooning blues? Surely it must be—in fact, could only be—yes, it is Shirley Ross. For nine months, Shirley sang blues-songs with Gus Arnheim's orchestra. There, now you know her by voice, if not by sight. You can't imagine what you've missed by not knowing Miss Ross by sight, too.

She is M-G-M's only contractee redhead. Red hair and gray eyes *do* make such a nice combination! Shirley is five feet, four inches tall, and she weighs 118 pounds. To prove to you how very lovely she is, let me tell you that the very first night she sang with Arnheim's orchestra in a Los Angeles hotel, she was seen by two studio executives—and both ordered their casting directors to call Miss Ross into conference. M-G-M acted first, and tests proved that Shirley not only could sing, but she could act—and she photographed well. Did you see her in her debut picture, a short feature, "Jail Birds of Paradise"? Shirley first saw the light of day in Omaha, Nebraska. Shirley has gray eyes that are round and curious, like a kitten's. Early in life (earlier, that is, for Shirley is still "early"), her family moved to Hollywood, where she attended

high school, then the University of California, Los Angeles branch. She made quite a success of singing in school plays, so during summer vacation, she sang at a local hotel. She was seen by pictures scouts, and here she is. Be sure to see and hear Shirley in "Hollywood Party" and "The Merry Widow." She will walk right into your heart.

Last, and for the moment perhaps least-known, (but just you keep an eye on her), allow me to introduce Ruth Channing. Another blonde—but such a luscious one. Five feet, three and one-half inches; 115 pounds; blue eyes. *Mmmmmmmmm!*

Ruth is very new to the screen. Her only two pictures are "Men In White" and "Hollywood Party." But her vivacious personality assures her of bigger and better rôles to come, and she is decidedly worthy of your attention.

And there goes the end of the parade. The last of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlets has passed before your eyes. You have seen that studio's bid for tomorrow's fame.

Perhaps you will say, if you have seen any or all of these young players on the screen, that you do not believe they can ever replace present-day favorites. Before you make such a statement, remember that

a few years ago, the same Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio had Helen Chadwick, Aileen Pringle, Renée Adorée, Bessie Love, and other then-famous actresses under contract. At that time, the studio executives employed a number of newcomers, who, they believed, might or might not become stars in the years to come.

Those newcomers included Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil and many more whose names today decorate theatre marquees the world over. Who can say that among the young starlets now under contract to M-G-M are not at least a few of the Garbos and Harlows and Shearers of five years hence?

Next month I shall take you to another studio on our tour in search of tomorrow's stars. Our next stop will be the Burbank studio of the Warner Brothers-First National Company. Here is another company that prides itself on its individual stars, and on its aggressiveness in preparing for tomorrow.

Executives of Warner Brothers-First National have an even bigger parade of young players than has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, so be sure and join me next month, when I visit the studio over the hills in Burbank.

The "Imp" that is Known as Angel

Continued from page 24

semester, "why have you been on the games field only twice this term?" Poor Heather had always been "kept in" by one mistress or another, so she never got to games. The extraordinary thing was that in spite of her naughty ways everyone adored her. Even a principal was known to shed a tear after she had said: "Heather Angel is a hopeless case. She must leave the school. She doesn't know a thing and we can't teach her."

Some teachers said she was stupid, but the folks at home knew otherwise. She always was helping some one and doing all the things other people hadn't the time or the inclination to do. She would take unlimited pains over any problem she was interested in—just so long as it didn't have to do with a lesson book!

Heather could fix the electric light or bells if they went wrong. If the clock stopped, she could take it to pieces, and what is more, put it together again to make it go. Carpentering intrigued her amazingly and she never complained when she hammered her thumb. She was quite a good cook and if she ever did sew the work was done neatly. If anyone were ill, Heather, even as a child, was a wonderful nurse.

She read a good deal, especially poetry, and sometimes she would recite. People invariably found themselves either laughing or crying after one of her recitations. No one, however, ever thought of analyzing this talent; she was just a funny little thing.

All this, of course, didn't help in the classroom. Her friends and relatives considered her rather a problem—it never occurred to anybody she had been absorbing a great deal in school, but, probably through poor teaching, was unable to reveal this knowledge.

"She would make such a wonderful teacher," her mother said, in despair. "She has patience and sympathy, only she doesn't know anything at all—so what can she teach?"

Matters were shaping themselves, however, for one day Mrs. Angel picked up a syllabus of the Polytechnical schools in

London. They had classes in Shakespeare, Readings, Dramatic Art, Fencing and Dancing. Upon Heather's request, she was enrolled as a student, and ere the term had progressed far along Heather was at the head of every class. The school offered her a scholarship.

She didn't take the scholarship, though, because she went for an audition at the Old Vic Theatre in London, where Shakespeare is enacted. Heather doesn't know how she existed through that week after the audition. Would they take her or wouldn't they? They did!

She began her stage career as a page holding a banner. Such a vivid, dark-eyed page that audiences noticed her immediately! She worked all day: lessons in dancing (her dancing now is quite beautiful) in voice, in reading, lessons in everything connected with the stage. Heather wasn't considered stupid any more.

After her year was up at the Old Vic, she went on tour with a company playing "The Sign of the Cross." The cast was so small that she took the part of *Stephanus*, the Christian boy tortured by the Romans, and also headed the dancing girls in the big revel scene!

The troupe toured the British Isles and Heather came to know how very uncomfortable theatrical lodging-house beds can be. She always carried her own suit cases and walked from the station to her lodgings. Two pounds a week isn't affluence. Besides her suit cases and odd bundles of things shoved in paper bags at the last moment, she generally was to be seen clutching a precious pot of jam too valuable to be left behind.

That tour started her travelling days, and upon its completion ten months later, she set out, with seven others, on February 1, 1929, to tour the Orient. Here was a thrill indeed.

Off they went, and after two days at sea all were in their bunks wondering why they'd come and wishing the boat would sink. Fortunately, sea-sickness doesn't last forever, and when they disembarked at Gibraltar they felt quite fit and ready to act.

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